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THE AUTHOR'S POCKET-VOLUME EDITION

LONGFELLOW'S
POETICAL WORKS

VOLUME XI

FLOWER-DE-LUCE, MASQUE OF PANDORA, &c

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
1878

LONDON :
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL,

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FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

1866.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook
delivers
Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Though art the Muse, who far from crowded
cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet !
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
 To the incessant sobbing of the sea
 In caverns under me,
 And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and
 glistened,
 Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
 Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;
 For round about me all the sunny capes
 Seemed peopled with the shapes
 Of those whom I had known in days departed,
 Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
 On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
 Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
 Stood lonely as before ;

And the wild-roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
 Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
 And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
 Without the lost perfume.

Ah me ! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
 The rose of youth restore ?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
 Renew this phantom-flower ?

“ Oh, give me back,” I cried, “ the vanished
 splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
 When the swift stream of life
Bounds o’er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
 Into the unknown deep ! ”

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
 “ Alas ! thy youth is dead !
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation ;
In the dark places with the dead of old
 It lies for ever cold ! ”

Then said I, “ From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
 Only to give me pain ;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
 And turns to weep no more.”

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
 Of sunsets burning low,
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constel-
 lations
Light up the spacious avenues between
 This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
 What bowers of rest divine ;

To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until " The End " I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
 Pleasant visions, as of old !
 Though the house by winds be shaken,
 Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
 Builds her castles in the air,
 Luring me by necromancy
 Up the never-ending stair !

But, instead, she builds me bridges
 Over many a dark ravine,
 Where beneath the gusty ridges
 Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
 Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
 As I follow the receding
 Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,
Naught avails the cry of pain !
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree ;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

HOW beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain !
Though all its splendour could not chase
away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed :
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange ;
 Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
 Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
 The one low voice was mute ;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
 And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and
 stream
 Dimly my thought defines ;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
 The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
 Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
 The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
 The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
 And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished widow in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain !

.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing, on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,

And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
“ For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep ;
“ God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
 Dusky red the embers glow,
 While above them still I cower,
 While a moment more I linger,
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,
 Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
 Learned in some forgotten June
 From a school-boy at his play,
 When they both were young together,
 Heart of youth and summer weather
 Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !
 How above there in the dark,
 In the midnight and the snow,
 Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
 Like the trumpets of Iskander,
 All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
 Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow,
 Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
 Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
 Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim :
 These are prophets, bards, and seers ;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
 They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries : "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
 Leave no long-enduring marks ;

At God's forges incandescent
 Mighty hammers beat incessant,
 These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought ;
 Books are sepulchres of thought ;
 The dead laurels of the dead
 Rustle for a moment only,
 Like the withered leaves in lonely
 Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;
 Sink the rumours of renown ;
 And alone the night-wind drear
 Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
 "'Tis the brand of Meleager .
 Dying on the hearth-stone here !"

And I answer,—“ Though it be,
 Why should that discomfort me ?
 No endeavour is in vain ;
 Its reward is in the doing,
 And the rapture of pursuing
 Is the prize the vanquished gain.”

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.



CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells
of Lynn !

O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells
of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral
wafted,

Your sounds ærial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson
twilight,

O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of
Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out, beyond the
headland,

Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of
Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle
homeward

Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming
signal

Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells
of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous
surges,

And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells
of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of
Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of
Endor,

Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn !

KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant
word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song :
“ Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword.”

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,

And for a moment my blood grew chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead ;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

HOW many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint

On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete !
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.



FT have I seen at some cathedral door
A labourer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent
feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;
Far off the noises of the world retreat ;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these
towers!

This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with
leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living
thieves,

And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!

Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,

What exultations trampling on despair,

What tenderness, what tears, what hate of
wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,

Uprose this poem of the earth and air,

This mediæval miracle of song!

III.

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !
And strive to make my steps keep pace with
thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume ;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine ;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below ;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, " Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with " as the snow."

IV.

WITH snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendours
came ;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession ; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase ;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

v.

I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendour upon splendour multiplied ;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of
praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven
above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host.

VI.

O STAR of morning and of liberty !

O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be !

The voices of the city and the sea,

The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,

Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,

Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,


In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE NOËL 1864,
AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection
A la faveur du sujet.
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rapture ;
Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BAROZAI.

UAND les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
“ Bons amis
Allons donc chez Agassiz ! ”

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être
“ Bons amis
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz ! ”

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,

“ Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! ”

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne à mainte reprise,

“ Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! ”

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !

“ Bons amis,
J'ai diné chez Agassiz ! ”

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,

Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,
 “ Bons amis,
J’ai soupé chez Agassiz ! ”

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vine le Sire de Sauterne ;
 “ Bons amis,
J’ai couché chez Agassiz ! ”

Mais le dernier de ces preux,
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d’un ton robuste,
“ Bénédiction sur le Juste !
 Bons amis,
Bénédissons Père Agassiz ! ”

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l’escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
 Bons amis,
A la porte d’Agassiz !

“ Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
Bons amis
De la famille Agassiz ! ”

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;
Epargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !
Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz.



THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

1875.

I.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

HEPHÆSTUS, *standing before the statue of Pandora.*

NOT fashioned out of gold, like Hera's
throne,
Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus,
But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting
Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form
Before me stands perfect in every part.
Not Aphrodite's self appeared more fair,
When first upwafted by caressing winds
She came to high Olympus, and the gods

Paid homage to her beauty. Thus her hair
Was cinctured ; thus her floating drapery
Was like a cloud about her, and her face
Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus ?

HEPHÆSTUS.

It is finished !

THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breathe the breath of life
Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Will she become immortal like ourselves ?

THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay
Is of the earth and mortal ; but the spirit,
The life, the exhalation of my breath,
Is of diviner essence and immortal.
The Gods shall shower on her their benefactions,
She shall possess all gifts : the gift of song,

The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty,
 The fascination and the nameless charm
 That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Wherefore ? wherefore ?

A wind shakes the house.

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind
 Through all the halls and chambers of my house !
 Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom
 Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed
 Beside a river in the rippling current
 Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head.
 She gazes round about as if amazed ;
 She is alive ; she breathes, but yet she speaks
 not !

Pandora descends from the pedestal.

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus
 What is this I see ?
 Have the Gods to four increased us
 Who were only three ?

Beautiful in form and featnre,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay ?

THALIA.

O sweet, pale face ! O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun !
O golden hair that like a miser's treasure
In its abundance overflows the measure !
O graceful form, that cloudlike floatest on
With the soft undulating gait of one
Who moveth as if motion were a pleasure !
By what name shall I call thee ? Nymph or Muse,
Callirrhoë or Urania ? Some sweet name
Whose every syllable is a caress
Would best befit thee ; but I cannot choose,
Nor do I care to choose ; for still the same,
Nameless or named, will be thy loveliness.

EUPHROSYNE.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart,

Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair,
And Pandora be the name
Thou henceforth shalt bear.

II.

OLYMPUS.

HERMES, *putting on his sandals.*

MUCH must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods
And I, who am their herald, most of all.
No rest have I, nor respite. I no sooner
Unclasp the winged sandals from my feet,
Than I again must clasp them, and depart
Upon some foolish errand. But to-day
The errand is not foolish. Never yet
With greater joy did I obey the summons
That sends me earthward. I will fly so swiftly
That my caduceus in the whistling air
Shall make a sound like the Pandæan pipes,
Cheating the shepherds ; for to-day I go,
Commissioned by high-thundering Zeus, to lead .
A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower,
And by my cunning arguments persuade him
To marry her. What mischief lies concealed
In this design I know not ; but I know
Who thinks of marrying hath already taken
One step upon the road to penitence.
Such embassies delight me. Forth I launch

On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall
Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him
Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery steeds.
I sink, I fly ! The yielding element
Folds itself round about me like an arm,
And holds me as a mother holds her child.

III.

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT
CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS.

I HEAR the trumpet of Alectryon
Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to fade,
And all the heavens are full of prophecies
And evil auguries. Blood-red last night
I saw great Kronos rise ; the crescent moon
Sank through the mist, as if it were the scythe
His parricidal hand had flung far down
The western steeps. O ye Immortal Gods,
What evil are ye plotting and contriving ?

HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.

PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen
And icy hand repels me. These blank walls
Oppress me with their weight !

PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are,
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight

Against Necessity. The Fates control you,
As they do us, and so far we are equals !

PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, companionless,
He sits there muttering in his beard. His voice
Is like a river flowing underground !

HERMES.

Prometheus, hail !

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me ?

HERMES.

It is I.

Dost thou not know me ?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy winged cap
And winged heels I know thee. Thou art Hermes,
Captain of thieves ! Hast thou again been stealing
The heifers of Admetus in the sweet
Meadows of asphodel ? or Hera's girdle ?
Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon ?

HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus ; say, hast thou again
Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-wheels
To light thy furnaces ?

PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither
So early in the dawn ?

HERMES.

The Immortal Gods
Know nought of late or early. Zeus himself
The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose ?

HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If they have sent her
It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster
Could she bring on thy house who is a woman ?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape
As beautiful as this, is evil only.
Who art thou ?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,
Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me, woman ?

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the humane ?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate ; to whom
Both Gods and men have shown themselves un-
grateful.

When every spark was quenched on every hearth

Throughout the earth, I brought to man the fire
And all its ministrations. My reward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not ;
They pardon not ; they are implacable,
Revengeful, unforgiving !

HERMES.

As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee
This divine being, to be thy companion,
And bring into thy melancholy house
The sunshine and the fragrance of her youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within myself
All that my heart desires ; the ideal beauty
Which the creative faculty of mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes

More lovely than the real. My own thoughts
Are my companions ; my designs and labours
And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not ; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift ?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever charm
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.
Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all
The silence and the solitude of thought,
The endless bitterness of unbelief,
The loneliness of existence without love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
Robs himself of life's best gifts !
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain ;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer ;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight !
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night !

IV.

THE AIR.

HERMES, *returning to Olympus.*

As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,
As firm and cold as are the crags about him,
Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of Zeus
Alone can move him ; but the tender heart
Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat,
Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges !
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar
Into the air returning to Olympus.
O joy of motion ! O delight to cleave
The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether,
Through the warm sunshine and the cooling cloud,
Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud !
With one touch of my swift and winged feet,
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it rocking
As rocks the bough from which a bird takes wing.

V.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

BEAUTIFUL apparition ! go not hence !
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy voice
Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the air !

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth,
But a mere woman fashioned out of clay,
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair ;
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems
A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.
Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim
If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

PANDORA.

Ask me not ;

I cannot answer thee. I only know
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,

And thus believing am most fortunate.
It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros,
And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes
In wounding me. There was no moment's space
Between my seeing thee and loving thee.
Oh, what a tell-tale face thou hast ! Again
I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in thine,
Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me.
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better
Than had I known thee longer. Yet it seems
That I have always known thee, and but now
Have found thee. Ah ! I have been waiting long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house ! The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and its master
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay for ever !
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay !
How beautiful are all things round about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !

What treasures hast thou here ! Yon oaken
chest,
Carven with figures and embossed with gold,
Is wonderful to look upon ! What choice
And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it ?

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never
Lifted the lid ?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes
For ever sleeps the secret of the Gods.
Seek not to know what they have hidden from
thee,
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this mysterious place.
The garden walks are pleasant at this hour ;
The nightingales among the sheltering boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees ,
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incantations
They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.
[*They go out.*

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,
Tell unto no man ;
Waking or sleeping,
Closed be thy portals
To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it ;
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it ;
By breath or by token
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours
The Gods unforgiving
Pursue the offenders,
The dead and the living !
Fortune forsakes them,
Nor earth shall abide them,
Nor Tartarus hide them ;
Swift wrath overtakes them !

With useless endeavour,
For ever, for ever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain !
Immersed in the fountain,
Tantalus tastes not
The water that wastes not !
Through ages increasing
The pangs that afflict him,
With motion unceasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim !

VI.

IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.

YON snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether
 Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a swan
 Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

PANDORA.

Or perchance
 Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera,
 That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.

The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro,
 Rocked by all the winds that blow,
 Bright with sunshine from above,
 Dark with shadow from below,
 Beak to beak and breast to breast
 In the cradle of their nest,
 Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.

Love ! love !

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly overhead
The feathered flute-players pipe their songs of
love,
And Echo answers, love, and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmur, every tone,
Is of love, and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone !

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she might be
Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven ?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she might be
Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Whence knowest thou these stories ?

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me ;
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent,
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet outran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is made,
And when he plays upon it to the shepherds
They pity him, so mournful is the sound.
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

PROMETHEUS, *without*.

Ho ! Epimetheus !

EPIMETHEUS.

'Tis my brother's voice ;

A sound unwelcome and inopportune

As was the braying of Silenus' ass,

Heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

Let me go.

I would not be found here. I would not see him.

[She escapes among the trees.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee,

Ere too late,

In these thickets intricate ;

Lest Prometheus

See and chide thee,

Lest some hurt

Or harm betide thee,

Haste and hide thee !

PROMETHEUS, *entering*.

Who was it fled from here? I saw a shape
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.

It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.

O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee? Let me now implore.
Thou harbourest in thy house a dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods love they honour with such
guests.

PROMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods would destroy they first make
mad.

EPIMETHEUS.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS.

Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

EPIMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not ; for thou art more than man ;
Thou art descended from Titanic race,
And hast a Titan's strength and faculties
That make thee godlike ; and thou sittest here
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's flax,
And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

Thou drivest me to madness with thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS.

And me thou drivest to madness with thy follies.
Come with me to my tower on Caucasus :

See there my forges in the roaring caverns,
Beneficent to man, and taste the joy
That springs from labour. Read with me the stars,
And learn the virtues that lie hidden in plants,
And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit
Our father's strength, and I our mother's weak-
ness :

The softness of the Oceanides,
The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay ; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself ; rise up to thy full height ;
Shake from thy soul these dreams effeminate,
These passions born of indolence and ease.
Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of waterfalls,
The rushing of a mighty wind, with loud
And undistinguishable voices calling,
Are in my ear !

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou leadest me as a child. I follow thee.

[They go out.]

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Palid Selene by night ;
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness ;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,

Scattered their arms abroad ;
Flung in the meadows their shields ?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath ;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,
And flee for shelter the shepherds ;
White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white ;
Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,

Bright are their crested helmets,
Dark is their armour of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom,
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call ;
Nought but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavour,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration for ever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

PANDORA.

LEFT to myself, I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through this
house,
Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete
Were I indeed the Goddess that he deems me.
No mansion of Olympus, framed to be
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this is mine,
And more than this, the love wherewith he crowns
me.
As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all doors
But open into it. Yon mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I knew
What there lies hidden ! But the oracle
Forbids. Ah me ! The secret then is safe.
So would it be if it were in my keeping.

A crowd of shadowy faces from the mirrors
That line these walls are watching me. I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times the act
Would be repeated, and the secret seen
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.

She walks to the other side of the hall.

My feet are weary, wandering to and fro,
My eyes with seeing and my heart with waiting.
I will lie here and rest till he returns,
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.

Throws herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,
O son of Erebus and Night ;
All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep !

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,
And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate ;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers ;
O son of Erebus
And Night, behold ! we thus
Elude your watchful wardens on the towers !

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us

To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the Gods would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA, *waking.*

A voice said in my sleep : " Do not delay :
Do not delay : the golden moments fly !
The oracle hath forbidden ; yet not thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only ! "
I am alone. These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself ;
They can not help nor hinder. No one sees me,
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good
And knowing evil, have created me
Such as I am, and filled me with desire
Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

She approaches the chest.

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest and fills the room. Pandora falls senseless on the floor. Storm without.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !
It already hath decided ;
And the secret once confided
To the keeping of the Titan
Now is flying far and wide,
Whispered, told on every side,
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the chambers of their prison ;
Only Hope remains behind.

VIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.

THE storm is past, but it hath left behind it
Ruin and desolation. All the walks
Are strewn with shattered boughs ; the birds are
silent ;
The flowers, down trodden by the wind, lie dead ;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret pain ;
The melancholy reeds whisper together
As if some dreadful deed had been committed
They dare not name, and all the air is heavy
With an unspoken sorrow ! Premonitions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the omen !

PANDORA, *coming from the house.*

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me !

PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house !
My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded
The fatal secret from us, and my hand
Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest !

EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall
The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed
Their secret when, in evil hour, I said
It was a secret ; when, in evil hour,
I left thee here alone to this temptation.
Why did I leave thee ?

PANDORA.

Why didst thou return ?

Eternal absence would have been to me
The greatest punishment. To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime, had been
Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,
Let all your vengeance fall !

EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me.

I do not love thee less for what is done,

And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.

PANDORA.

Pity me not ; pity is degradation.
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora !
Thou art a Goddess still !

PANDORA.

I am a woman ;
And the insurgent demon in my nature,
That made me brave the oracle, revolts
At pity and compassion. Let me die !
What else remains for me ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.

Even now in passing through the garden walks
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest
Ruined and full of rain ; and over me
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us not,
And fling away their whips of scorpions
And touch us not !

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.
Only through punishment of our evil deeds,
Only through suffering, are we reconciled
To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

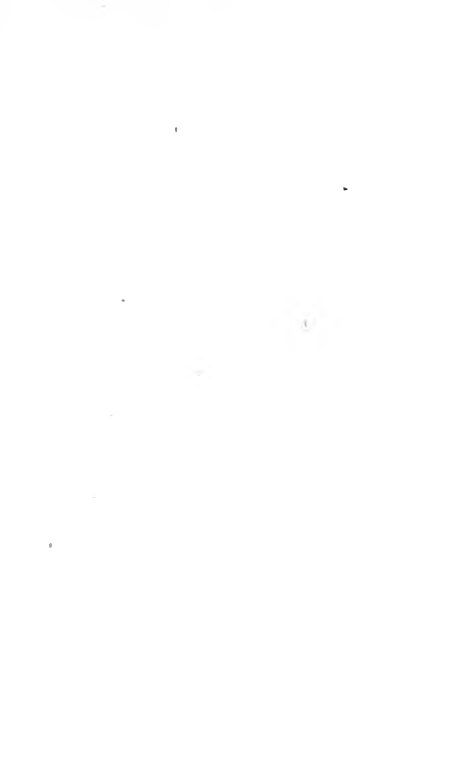
Never shall souls like these
Escape the Eumenides.

The daughters dark of Acheron and Night !
Unquenched our torches glare,
Our scourges in the air
Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns again ;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss
Restored, till Helios
Hath purified them with his heavenly fires ;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler passions and desires.





THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

1874.

I.

THE lights are out, and gone are all the
guests
That thronging came with merriment and
jests

To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house,—into the night are gone ;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,

And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space !
So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II.

AND now I sit and muse on what may be,
 And in my vision see, or seem to see,
 Through floating vapours interfused with light,
 Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
 As shadows passing into deeper shade
 Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
 Is spread the table round and small ;
 Upon the polished silver shine
 The evening lamps, but, more divine,
 The light of love shines over all ;
 Of love, that says not mine and thine,
 But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
 They want no guests, to come between
 Their tender glances like a screen,
 And tell them tales of land and sea,
 And whatsoever may betide
 The great, forgotten world outside ;
 They want no guests ; they needs must be
 Each other's own best company.

III.

THE picture fades ; as at a village fair
 A showman's views, dissolving into air,
 Again appear transfigured on the screen,
 So in my fancy this ; and now once more,
 In part transfigured, through the open door
 Appears the self-same scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
 But not alone ; they entertain
 A little angel unaware,
 With face as round as is the moon ;
 A royal guest with flaxen hair,
 Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
 Drums on the table with his spoon,
 Then drops it careless on the floor,
 To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners ? these
 The ways that win, the arts that please ?
 Ah yes ; consider well the guest,
 And whatso'er he does seems best ;

He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not ; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes ;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof ; for lo !
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene ;
Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's brow ;
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight ;
Limpid as planets that emerge

Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V.

AGAIN the tossing boughs shut out the scene,
Again the drifting vapours intervene,
 And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite ;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
 Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down ;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter a while, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests ;—
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry

Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain !
O sudden thrills of fire and frost !
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost !

VI.

THE meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill ;

And so the stream of Time that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,
The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts ;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay ;
And one is in the boisterous camp

Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.
I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII.

AFTER a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away ;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light :
It is the Golden Wedding-day.

The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down ;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon ;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day !
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Smiling contented and serene,
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well-pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.


1875.

POEM

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS
OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.

OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

“ CÆSAR, we who are about to die
Salute you !” was the gladiators’ cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die
Salute you ; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendours upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us ! ye do not hear !
We are forgotten ; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not ; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then for ever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze ;
They answer us—alas ! what have I said ?
What greetings come there from the voiceless
dead ?

What salutation, welcome, or reply ?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie ?
They are no longer here ; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.

Honour and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth :
“ Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized ;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare.”

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone ;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine
here ;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law ;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
“ Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,”

But laboured in their sphere, as men who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them ; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfilment of the great behest :
“ Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings.”

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating
 high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you ; hail you ; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with
 flowers !

How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend !
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe !
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands ;

In its sublime audacity of faith,
“Be thou removed!” it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaïans in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, “Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?”

Let him not boast who puts his armour on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,

Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played ;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
“Be bold ! be bold !” and everywhere—“Be
bold ;
Be not too bold !” Yet better the excess
Than the defect ; better the more than less ;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates ; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute ! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others ? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me : “ They sleep ! ”

I name no names ; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and
moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night ;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose ;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and
sweet.

What shall I say to you ? What can I say
Better than silence is ? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be ;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I cannot go ;—I pause ;—I hesitate ;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate ;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream ! Vanish the idle fears !
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years !
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends ;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates,
friends !

Ah me ! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there !
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair !
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat !
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears !
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears !
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine

And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust !

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore ?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass ;
I hear a voice that cries, " Alas ! alas !
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavour with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, " Strike here ! "
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed

The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell ;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading underground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall ;
And opposite in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set :
“ That which I am, I am ; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame ! ”

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armour clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were
stone ;

And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed ;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests up-
sprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamours rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead ;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead !

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words :
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold ;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air ;
The archer, Death ; the flaming jewel, Life ;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife ;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone ;

The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world ! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life !
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books ;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain !

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old ?
It is too late ! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty ; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than fourscore
years ;

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales* ;
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

These are indeed exceptions ; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain ;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon :
It is not strength, but weakness ; not desire,
But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then ? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come ; it is no longer day ?

The night hath not yet come ; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear ;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin ;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.



KÉRAMOS.



KÉRAMOS.

1878.

*TURN, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:*

*So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.

Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard ;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey ;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All things must change
To something new, to something strange ;
Nothing that is can pause or stay ;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,

The melody and even the words
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of coloured thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed ;
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See ! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine ;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With comic mask and musketeer !
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles ;
The parlour walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief ;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay ;*

*The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I glide,
The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its walls,
A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day ?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead ?

This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores, combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight ?
O Palissy ! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar ;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou ? Thou hast no hand ?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along

Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle,
That lends its softened name to art,—
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustered with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.
Then eastward, wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines,

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,

The cobalt blue of summer skies ;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of colour and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lustered stars o'erlaid,
Colours of every tint and hue

Mingle in one harmonious whole !
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and earrings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait ; on the scroll,
Cana, the beautiful ! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow, —
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream ;
For Lucca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their Maker's praise ; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they.
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell

The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom ;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place ;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat ;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;
Seeming to say, " Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest-field,—
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,

Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demigods and mighty chiefs :
Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek, —
Achilles in his armour dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray ;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings ;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.*

And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands

With annual ebb and overflow,
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambushade ;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities,
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus ; Isis, crowned and veiled ;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx ;
Bracelets with blue enamelled links ;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings ;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,

And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so,—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare,
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on,—
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares ;

The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view ;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold !
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime ;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of colour, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day ;*

*To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie ; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusi-yama's cone.
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,

The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars ;
Again the skylark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When, suddenly sounding, peal on peal,
The church-bell from the neighbouring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not over-loud nor over-long,
And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday ;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay !*

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 Beware ! The Israelite of old who tore, i. 101.
 Black are the moors before Kazan, v. 109.
 Black shadows fall, x. 83.
 Blind Bartimeus at the gates, i. 78.
 Build me straight, O worthy Master, i. 153.
 Burn, O evening hearth, and waken, xi. 15.
 By his evening fire the artist, i. 194.
 By the shore of Gitche Gumee, iii. 203.

C.

CAN it be the sun descending, iii. 111.
Christ to the young man said : Yet one thing more, i. 203.
Come, old friend ! sit still and listen ! v. 136.
Come to me, O ye children ! x. 78.

D.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee, i. 130.
Dost thou see on the rampart's height, x. 188.
Down from yon distant mountain height, v. 110.
Downward through the evening twilight, iii. 28.

E.

EACH heart has its haunted chamber, x. 107.
Even as the Blessed, at the final summons, v. 41.
Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful, x. 118.

F.

FAR and wide among the nations, iii. 174.
Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains, ii. 95.
Filled is Life's goblet to the brim, i. 80.
For thee was a house built, v. 46.
Forms of saints and kings are standing, v. 98.
Four times the sun had risen and set ; now on the fifth day, ii. 50.
Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet, ii. 210.
Forth upon the Gitche Gumee, iii. 71.
From the outskirts of the town, x. 113.
From this high portal, where upsprings, v. 205.
Full of wrath was Hiawatha, iii. 160.

G.

- GADDI mi fece ; il Ponte Vecchio sono, v. 160.
 Garlands upon his grave, x. 129.
 Gentle spring ! in sunshine clad, v. 43.
 Give me of your bark, O birch-tree, iii. 66.
 God sent his Singers upon earth, i. 201.
 Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omaw-haws, i. 144.

H.

- "HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !" vi. 155.
 Hast thou seen that lordly castle, v. 60.
 Have I dreamed ? or was it real, x. 122.
 Have ye read in the Talmud of old, x. 80.
 He ended : and a kind of spell, vi. 37.
 He is dead, the beautiful youth, xi. 28.
 He is gone to the desert land, v. 104.
 Here, in a little rustic hermitage, v. 178.
 Here lies the gentle humorist, who died, v. 162.
 "Honour be to Mudjekeewis !" iii. 16.
 How beautiful is the rain ! i. 126.
 How beautiful it was, that one bright day, xi. 18.
 How I started up in the night, in the night, v. 121.
 How many lives, made beautiful and sweet, xi. 30.
 How much of my young heart, O Spain, x. 160.
 How strange it seems ! These Hebrews in their graves, x. 38.
 How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers ! xi. 33.
 How they so softly rest, v. 52.

I.

- I AM poor and old and blind, x. 147.
 I am the God Thor, vi. 46.
 I enter, and I see thee in the gloom, xi. 34.
 I have read, in some old marvellous tale, i. 26.

- I have a vague remembrance, x. 114.
 I hear along our street, i. 222.
 I hear the trumpet of Alectryon, xi. 52.
 I heard a brooklet gushing, v. 55.
 I heard a voice that cried, i. 198.
 I heard the bells on Christmas day, xi. 21.
 I heard the trailing garments of the night, i. 14.
 I know a maiden fair to see, v. 57.
 I lay upon the headland-height, and listened, xi. 11.
 I leave you, ye cold mountain chains, v. 210.
 I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze, xi. 36.
 I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls, i. 75.
 I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold, v. 152.
 I said unto myself, if I were dead, v. 157.
 I saw, as in a dream sublime, i. 138.
 I saw the long line of the vacant shore, v. 156.
 I shot an arrow into the air, v. 142.
 I stand again on the familiar shore, v. 147.
 I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade, v. 176.
 I stood on the bridge at midnight, i. 141.
 I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch, i. 40.
 "I thought, before your tale began," vi. 129.
 I trust that somewhere and somehow, vi. 130.
 In Attica thy birthplace should have been, v. 147.
 In broad daylight, and at noon, x. 3.
 In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp, i. 94.
 In his chamber, weak and dying, i. 122.
 In his lodge beside a river, iii. 194.
 In Mather's Magnalia Christi, x. 18.
 In ocean's wide domains, i. 97.
 In that building, long and low, x. 54.
 In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
 waters, ii. 109.
 In that desolate land and lone, x. 167.
 In the ancient town of Bruges, i. 102.
 In the convent of Drontheim, vi. 93.
 In the heroic days, when Ferdinand, vi. 98.

- In the old colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, ii. 121.
 In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown, i. 105.
 In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands, i. 116.
 In the Valley of the Vire, x. 42.
 In the village churchyard she lies, x. 27.
 In those days of Hiawatha, iii. 134.
 In those days the Evil Spirits, iii. 141.
 Into the city of Kambalu, vi. 126.
 Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, ii. 150.
 Into the Silent Land ! v. 65.
 Italy ! Italy ! thou who'rt doomed to wear, v. 119.
 'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep, xi. 31.
 It is the Harvest Moon ! On gilded vanes, v. 168.
 It was Einar Tamberskelver, vi. 89.
 It was fifty years ago, x. 76.
 It was Sir Christopher Gardiner, vi. 231.
 It was the month of May. Far down the beautiful river, ii. 68.
 It was the schooner *Hesperus*, i. 56.
 It was the season, when through all the land, vi. 106.

J.

- JUST above yon sandy bar, i. 170.
 Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows, ii. 162.

K.

- KING Christian stood by the lofty mast, v. 48.
 King Solomon before his palace gate, vi. 174.

L.

- LABOUR with what zeal we will, x. 98.
Lady, how can it chance—yet this we see, v. 219.
Laugh of the mountain !—Lyre of bird and tree ! v. 36.
Leafless are the trees ; their purple branches, x. 58.
Left to myself, I wander as I will, xi. 79.
Let nothing disturb thee, v. 122.
Let the soul her slumbers break, v. 8.
Listen, my children, and you shall hear, vi. 18.
Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West, v. 143.
Longing already to search in and round, v. 39.
Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care, v. 33.
Loud he sang the Psalm of David, i. 95.
Loud the angry wind was wailing, vi. 68.
Loudly the sailors cheered, vi. 83.
Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound, v. 158.

M.

- MAIDEN with the meek brown eyes, i. 83.
Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-
Pré, ii. 62.
Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
steadily onward. ii. 183.
Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the
ships of the merchants, ii. 192.
Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, x. 176.
Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods, xi. 50.

N.

- NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from
whose branches, ii. 79.
Never stoops the soaring vulture, iii. 178.
Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face, v. 164.
No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks, x. 133.

- Northward over Drontheim, vi. 80.
 Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne, xi. 45.
 Not without fire can any workman mould, v. 216.
 Nothing the greatest artist can conceive, v. 214.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, ii. 129.
 Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer, ii. 20.
 Now from all King Olaf's farms, vi. 54.
 Nowhere such a devious stream, x. 150.
 "Now that is after my own heart," vi. 223.
 "Nunc plaudite !" the Student cried, vi. 169.

O.

- O ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city, iv. 118.
 O Cæsar, we who are about to die, xi. 109.
 O Curfew of the setting sun ! O Bells of Lynn, xi. 26.
 O Edrehi, forbear to-night, vi. 175.
 O gift of God ! O perfect day, x. 96.
 O give me back the days when loose and free, v. 217.
 O Hemlock tree ! O Hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches ! v. 94.
 O little feet ! that such long years, x. 100.
 O Lord ! who seest from yon starry height, v. 35.
 O lovely river of Yvette ! x. 170.
 O river of Yesterday, with current swift, v. 172.
 O Star of morning and of liberty ! xi. 37.
 O sweet illusions of song, x. 105.
 O that a Song would sing itself to me, v. 177.
 O the long and dreary winter, iii. 187.
 O there the old sea captain, x. 68.
 Of Edenhall the youthful Lord, i. 61.
 Of Prometheus, how undaunted, x. 11.
 Oft have I seen at some cathedral door, xi. 32.

- Often I think of the beautiful town, x. 49.
 Olaf the King, one summer morn, vi. 60.
 Olger the Dane and Desiderio, vi. 177.
 Once into a quiet village, i. 195.
 Once more, once more, Inarime, x. 164.
 Once on a time, some centuries ago, vi. 206.
 Once the Emperor Charles of Spain, x. 29.
 Once upon Iceland's solitary shore, v. 182.
 One Autumn night, in Sudbury town, vi. 9.
 One day, Haroun Al Raschid read, x. 180.
 One hundred years ago, and something more, vi. 148.
 One summer morning, when the sun was hot, vi. 25.
 On King Olaf's bridal night, vi. 62.
 On St. Bavon's tower, commanding, x. 171.
 On sunny slope and beechen swell, i. 45.
 On the Cross the dying Saviour, v. 99.
 On the green little isle of Inchkenneth, x. 182.
 On the grey sea-sands, vi. 86.
 On the Mountains of the Prairie, iii. 10.
 On the shores of Gitche Gumee, iii. 80.
 Out of childhood into manhood, iii. 37.
 Out of the bosom of the air, x. 95.

P.

- PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of
 the village, v. 66.
 Pleasant it was, when woods were green, i. 9.
 Pleasantly rose the next morn the sun on the village of
 Grand-Pré, ii. 38.
 Poet ! I come to touch thy lance with mine, v. 181.

Q.

- QUAND les astres de Noël, xi. 38.
 Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft, vi. 52.

R.

- RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read, vi. 35.
 River ! that in silence windest, i. 76.
 River, that stealest with such silent pace, v. 148.
 Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, vi. 38.

S.

- SAFE at anchor in Drontheim Bay, vi. 76.
 Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said, x. 15.
 St. Botolph's Town ! Hither across the plains, v. 175.
 See, the fire is sinking low, xi. 23.
 She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side, i. 92.
 Should any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
 v. 191.
 Should you ask me, Whence these stories ? iii. 6.
 Short of stature, large of limb, vi. 64.
 "Signor Luigi," said the Jew, vi. 216.
 Simon Danz has come home again, x. 157.
 Sing, O song of Hiawatha, iii. 125.
 Sir Oluf he rideth over the plain, i. 64.
 Slowly the hour-hand of the clock moves round, v. 171.
 Solemnly, mournfully, i. 147.
 Something the heart must have to cherish, v. 212.
 Somewhat back from the village street, v. 139.
 Soon as the story reached its end, vi. 33.
 So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
 ii. 137.
 Southward with fleet of ice, i. 174.
 Spake full well, in language quaint and holy, i. 23.
 Speak ! speak ! thou fearful guest ! i. 49.
 Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest, x. 187.
 "Strike the sails !" King Olaf said, vi. 87.
 Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade, vi. 226.
 Sweet babe ! true portrait of thy father's face, v. 44.

Sweet faces, that from pictured casements lean, v. 173.
 Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives, x. 190.
 Sweet the memory is to me, x. 141.

T.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old, v. 159.
 Take them, O Death ! and bear away, i. 203.
 Tell me not, in mournful numbers, i. 15.
 The battle is fought and won, vi. 217.
 The brooklet came from the mountain, x. 117.
 The ceaseless rain is falling fast, x. 131.
 The course of my long life hath reached at last, v. 218.
 The day is cold, and dark, and dreary, i. 74.
 The day is done, and the darkness, v. 126.
 The day is ending, v. 128.
 The doors are all wide open ; at the gate, v. 149.
 The evening came ; the golden vane, vi. 171.
 The guests were loud, the ale was strong, vi. 57.
 The holiest of all holidays are those, v. 180.
 The hour was late ; the fire burned low, vi. 114.
 The Landlord ended thus his tale, vi. 23.
 The lights are out, and gone are all the guests, xi. 93.
 The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still, xi. 102.
 The night is come, but not too soon, i. 19.
 The old house by the lindens, i. 190.
 The pages of thy book I read, i. 88.
 The picture fades ; as at a village fair, xi. 96.
 The rising moon has hid the stars, i. 69.
 The rivers rush into the sea, v. 53.
 The rocky ledge runs far into the sea, i. 177.
 The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, v. 154.
 The sea hath its pearls, v. 100.
 The shades of night were falling fast, i. 85.
 The slaver in the broad lagoon, i. 98.
 The storm is past, but it hath left behind it, xi. 84.

- The sun is bright,—the air is clear, i. 73.
 The sun is set; and in his latest beams, v. 153.
 The twilight is sad and cloudy, i. 173.
 The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep, v. 152.
 There is a quiet spirit in these woods, i. 42.
 There is a Reaper whose name is Death, i. 17.
 There is no flock, however watched and tended, i. 183.
 There sat one day in quiet, v. 50.
 These are the tales those merry guests, vi. 237.
 This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, i. 113.
 This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
 hemlocks, ii. 8.
 This is the place. Stand still, my steed, i. 110.
 This song of mine, x. 61.
 Thora of Rimol ! hide me ! hide me ! vi. 50.
 Thorberg Skafting, master-builder, vi. 74.
 Thou ancient oak ! whose myriad leaves are loud, v. 163.
 Thou brooklet, all unknown to song, v. 208.
 Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain, v. 144.
 Thou mighty Prince of Church and State, v. 116.
 Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower, v. 169.
 Thou that from the heavens art, v. 120.
 Three Kings came riding from far away, x. 183.
 Three Silences there are ; the first of speech, v. 170.
 Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom, vi. 105.
 Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the
 ocean, ii. 174.
 Thus ran the Student's pleasant rhyme, vi. 187.
 Tityrus, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclin-
 ing, v. 183.
 Torrent of light and river of the air, v. 153.
 Touched by the pathos of these rhymes, vi. 230.
 Turn, turn, my wheel ! Turn round and round, xi. 125.
 Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom, v. 145.
 'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness, v. 62.
 Two Angels, one of Life and one of Death, x. 32.
 Two good friends had Hiawatha, iii. 59.

U.

- UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree, i. 67.
Under Mount Etna he lies, x. 90.
Under the walls of Monterey, x. 46.
Up soared the lark into the air, x. 145.

V.

- VISWAMITRA the Magician, x. 181.
Vogelweid the Minnesinger, v. 133.

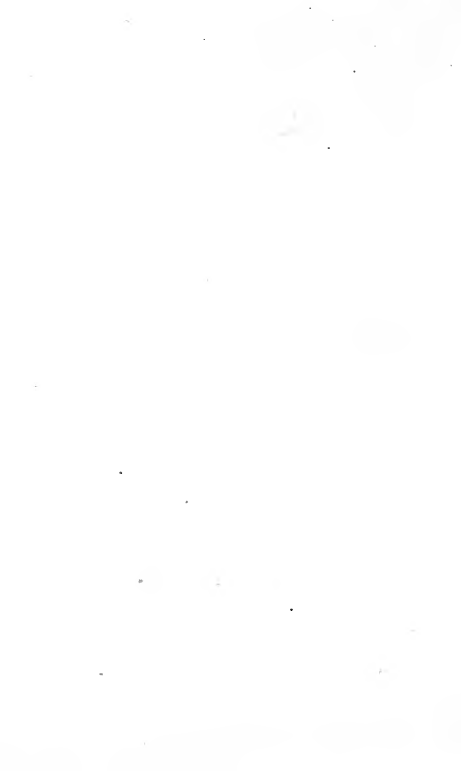
W.

- WARM and still is the summer night, x. 155.
Welcome, my old friend, v. 130.
Welcome, O stork ! that dost wing, v. 112.
Well pleased all listened to the tale, vi. 179.
Well pleased the audience heard the tale, vi. 154.
We sat within the farmhouse old, i. 180.
What should be said of him cannot be said, v. 221.
What was the end ? I am ashamed, vi. 137.
When Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne, vi. 181.
When descends on the Atlantic, v. 123.
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, x. 65.
When I remember them, those friends of mine, v. 146.
When Mazarvan the Magician, x. 111.
When the dying flame of day, i. 38.
When the hours of day are numbered, i. 21.
When the long murmur of applause, vi. 147.
When the prime mover of my many sighs, v. 220.
When the summer fields are mown, x. 121.
When the warm sun, that brings, i. 33.
When winter winds are piercing chill, i. 37.
Whereunto is money good ? v. 101.
White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest, v. 165.
Whither, thou turbid wave ? v. 52.

- Will, then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal ? v. 114.
With snow-white veil and garments as of flame, xi. 35.
With what a glory comes and goes the year ! i. 35.
Witlaf, a King of the Saxons, i. 192.

Y.

- YE dead poets, who are living still, v. 166.
Ye voices that arose, i. 31.
Yes, well your story pleads the cause, vi. 124.
Yes, the year is growing old, i. 28.
Yet not in vain, O river of yesterday, v. 173.
Yon snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether, xi. 67.
You shall hear how Hiawatha, iii. 48.
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, iii. 102, 150.
You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos, iv. 8.





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